

A black and white photograph of an older man, Fred Foyle, wearing a tuxedo and bow tie, speaking at a podium. He is holding a piece of paper and gesturing with his right hand. The podium has two microphones. In the background, there is a large window and a clock on the wall. The text "FRED FOY from XYZ to ABC" is overlaid on the image.

**FRED
FOY**
from
XYZ
to
ABC

VISIT...

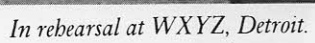
LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

A Fond Recollection



TO JOE & ANNE -
MY BEST ALWAYS -
H. G. SILVER -

Good Love



Foreword

I never dreamed that the thrilling voice that brought the well-known thundering hoofbeats into my living room in Nebraska would some day announce my own show. Such is fate.

Because of these two associations, the mere sound of Fred Foy's extraordinarily resonant speech mechanism gives me gooseflesh of one sort or another —as either a passive or active participant in adventure.

To have missed THE LONE RANGER at dinnertime would have been as unthinkable as missing dinner itself. It is fitting that Fred, who was *there* in that magic place where the great horse and the great man (and Tonto, of course) originated their mysterious journey into our ears and souls —should tell the story.

I'm sorry for people of a later generation (the benighted kids who grew up with that much poorer medium, television) whose scalp doesn't tingle a bit at the William Tell overture. It came through my family's old Majestic radio right into my heart, and this book helps me return to *those* thrilling days of yesteryear."

Dick Cavett

Ranger Promo.....Double-Cross Trails

ANNCR:

The judge looked down at the prisoner who cowered before him.

JUDGE:

You will be remanded to the custody of the Sheriff and taken to the county jailhouse. There in the morning, you will pay the penalty for murder... death by hanging.

GIBSON:

But I didn't kill him, judge. I ~~didn't~~ didn't.

JUDGE:

Take the prisoner away!

BAILIFF:

Come on you!

GIBSON:

(FADING, CRYING) But I didn't kill him. I'm innocent. I didn't kill.

ANNCR:

As the prisoner was dragged from the courtroom, the real murderer smiled and said to his partner!

CLAYTON:

That's the last we'll see of that hombre. Now everything is perfect.

ANNCR:

~~Then~~ the Lone Ranger comes onto the scene - and things become far from perfect for the murderers. But the prisoner makes a false move, and places himself in the path of those who will kill him before the hangman does. Only the Lone Ranger may save him. ~~the end of the story.~~

BE SURE TO LISTEN
TO THIS NEXT THRILL-PAKED
LONE RANGER
ADVENTURE.

A Masked Man - An Indian And Me

It was a beautiful autumn afternoon. I was driving along the Long Island Expressway. . .on my way to my ocean retreat far away from the turbulence of New York City. I was captured by the rainbow of color that flowed from October's brush and painted the landscape. The traffic was light. . .and, unknowingly, my foot was heavy on the accelerator. I was suddenly jolted out of my reverie by that all-too-familiar sound of a motorcycle commandeered by one of New York's finest. He signaled me to pull over, and as I came to a stop a marvelous idea blossomed. My son was the proud possessor of a "silver bullet" which, for some reason, he had left in the glove compartment. As the officer approached me and asked for my license, I reached into the glove compartment and found the "silver bullet." Quite nonchalantly, I handed it to the officer, saying, "Perhaps this will serve to identify me!" His reaction was totally unexpected. He literally broke-up with laughter. . .and surprisingly, turned the tables on me when he said. . ."Kemo Sabe. . .from now on don't travel with the speed of light." With that. . .he waved me on.

I am not suggesting this episode be imitated in an effort to avoid a speeding ticket. I'm sure it would never have the same surprise ending. But, to me, it confirmed once again, the lasting impression and impact that still exists whenever any reference is made to the legendary masked man, "The Lone Ranger."

For over 20 years, he rode into our living rooms through the magic of radio. . .and brought young and old alike a special brand of entertainment that television can never duplicate. Radio was a world of imagination. . .and I grew up in that wonderful world of thrills and excitement which regretfully today is only a memory.

I don't mean to sound like the old vaudevillian who sits back and recalls his days of glory in the spotlight. To use the title of another famous radio show. . ."Time Marches On". . .and with its march comes change. The radio years were a special time for me. But television and today's exciting sound of radio have their own special magic for all of us. Television opened new doors in my career. The fun and excitement of game shows. . .a variety of television commercials, both on-camera and voice-over, and most rewarding of all, the pleasure of 5 years as announcer of television's "Dick Cavett Show." The

anticipation of what may be waiting for me around the next corner makes each new day in my life an exciting one and I have no desire to return to those "Thrilling days of yesteryear". . .except in the fond recollections that follow.

I still recall coming home from school and curling up in front of our impressive Atwater-Kent console radio. . .following the adventures of "Tom Mix," "Jack Armstrong," and "Little Orphan Annie". . .a few of the serials that filled the air-waves in the late afternoon. Then in the evening after supper, the family gathered in the living room and religiously followed the antics of "Amos and Andy". . .the comedy of "Eddie Cantor," "Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief," and the incomparable Jack Benny. We were chilled by "The Shadow" and "Lights Out." We created our own mental images as we listened. . .and I'm sure no horrible creature we see today on television could ever duplicate those born in our imagination as we became absorbed in a tale of chilling suspense. I recall many a night as a youngster going to bed with the light on to help dispel my fears after just such an eerie broadcast.

To me, it will always remain a wonderful age in which to have grown up. Life seemed to travel at a slower pace. . .and with the radio as a focal point of entertainment in the home, we shared our evenings as a family unit. . .and enjoyed all the laughter and excitement together.

We were captured by the magic of the personalities that stepped into our living room. . .and ranking high among the family's favorites was the thrilling sound of The William Tell Overture which heralded another adventure of "The Lone Ranger." Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday was a "must" at 7:30 p.m. when the champion of justice led the fight for law and order. In my wildest dreams, I would never have believed that sometime in the future I would be a part of those adventures. . .and that one day my children would hear my voice intoning the words, "A fiery horse with the speed of light. . .a cloud of dust. . .and a hearty Hi Yo Silver! The Lone Ranger!"

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The last four letters of the alphabet, W.X.Y.Z., I consider to be my own personal "lucky charm". They flashed brightly from the radio tower atop the Maccabees Building in Detroit and beckoned me to

my first major job in broadcasting. Radio station WXYZ, owned at the time by George W. Trendle. For me, it was a magic moment when I became a member of the staff at "Wixie" —magic in the sense that it opened the door of opportunity. I didn't realize it then, but, looking back, I know how lucky I was to gain entry to the Trendle organization even in a minor role and to be on the scene of his successful productions, first and foremost, "The Lone Ranger". "WXYZ" - lucky letters for me from the beginning and throughout the years, for they have brought special moments to my life.

There was something unique about that time as a staff announcer on radio that differs from today's more staid, cut and dried, strictly business attitude. Perhaps it's for the best, but I must say I recall the fun and games that laced each broadcast day and the great bond of friendship and rapport between us with deep affection, and, at the same time, a sense of loss.

The WXYZ staff at the time numbered around 12, and each of us, at one time or another, worked together on a particular shift. Close friendships developed and have lasted over the years. It is my good fortune to list four of my "comrades-in-arms" at "Wixie" in that category. Bob Henry, Bill Morgan, Hal Neal and Norm Lenhardt. We would sit around in the announce booth and trade anecdotes and the usual "dirty" jokes while waiting to go on-the-air with a news show or a network commercial cut-in on an upcoming program. The conversation would turn to the new secretary and her physical attributes and her rating as a conquest. And inevitably, someone would glance at the upcoming commercial copy, which usually dealt with acne cures or hemorrhoid preparations and defy the party assigned to read it to try to get through it without breaking-up. This would present no problem if you were an insurance salesman, but our job entailed going in front of a microphone and expounding the merits of a sponsor's product to the listener in a warm, serious, authoritative manner. And, once you were on-the-air, there was no turning back. Thus, what we were to learn to our dismay, was the inescapable fact that familiarity breeds havoc!

If you've never experienced it, you have no concept of the self-control you attempt to exert to drive from your mind the innuendos placed there by your co-worker facing you across the microphone. You have been worked up to a point of hilarity from which there is no return! You suddenly attempt to become very serious and blot all that has gone before from your mind —but to no avail.

The best example of this uncontrollable chain-reaction on us was a 5-minute news show on the hour sponsored by Cunningham's Drug Stores. It had the fascinating title of "Cunningham's News Ace" and it required the services of two announcers. One was assigned to read the news, the other to read the commercials. We worked in the booth facing each other across the microphone. Whether I had Morgan, Henry, Neal or Lenhardt doing the show with me made no difference. We always managed to prime ourselves for the occasion. We would begin the broadcast with serious intent. I would begin reading the commercial about an acne preparation, glance up, and see Bill Morgan trying to control his laughter. That was the beginning of the end! First, you use your hands above your eyes as an eye-shade to cut off the view of your partner in crime. Next, your thumbs press into your ears to cut off the sound of his chortling. Your voice begins cracking —there are pauses of indeterminable length while you try to compose yourself and hold back the inevitable laughter. You choke your way through each word and finally reach his introductory line —"Now, Cunningham's News Ace". Now, it's his turn. And there he is adopting the same attitude. Hands shading his eyes. . . ears covered by thumbs. . . his voice slowly reaching the breaking point. News stories of world disasters are reported with chortling, and the real disaster is being enacted in that little announce booth.

Bill Morgan and myself became the greatest offenders and it became utterly impossible to work together. Past associations had left their indelible impact, and try as we would, we could not get through a news show without it becoming a complete shambles. The outcome? We were each given a choice of shift-morning or night. The only solution was to separate us, and they did, one on either end of the dial.

Even so, they still had to contend with my other partners —Henry, Neal or Lenhardt. Our only solution was to leave the studio while the other was reading his material. If I were doing the commercials, Hal Neal would wait outside the studio door until I was finished. Then, he would run in as I left and waited outside the door for him to finish the news. Even then, it had its moments, because the choreography itself had its laugh-provoking qualities.

It is perhaps difficult for an outsider to comprehend this craziness, but once these actions had made their mental imprint it was difficult to erase them. I sometimes wonder how we were able to keep

our jobs.

What I have related here was a mental hazard. These were man-made hazards that far overshadowed those created by us through thought-provoking connotations.

It was a standard practice to test any newcomer to the announcing staff. The testing was simply to gauge his capacity to withstand any amount of heckling while on the air before he would break down in gales of uncontrollable laughter. I'm sure this was standard procedure at any station —large or small. The method was only a question of the ingenuity of the purveyor.

There were those whose self-control was as solid as the "rock of Gibraltar". I must admit mine was but a pebble on the beach. One of my prime inquisitors was a co-worker by the name of Victor Linfoot. I had just begun a 15-minute newscast and was totally unprepared for what happened. On my left, next to the control panel, was a large metal wastebasket, which was just visible to me out of the corner of my eye. As I concentrated on my news, I was suddenly aware that someone had come into the studio. I thought no more about it and continued delivering the news. Suddenly, I heard what sounded to me like rain on a tin roof. I momentarily looked to my left, and there in complete dignity was Vic Linfoot urinating in the metal wastebasket. I was finished! Convulsed with laughter, I quickly cut off the mike and did the only thing possible to fill the silence. I grabbed a record and in panic spun the turntable. Even to this day I remember the wild coincidence. The record I had so hurriedly picked up was "April Showers."

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One of the popular afternoon programs on WXYZ was "The Lady of Charm" hosted by a delightfully charming woman, Edith Fern Melrose. Her popularity was phenomenal with the fair sex and she covered everything related to the feminine mystique: beauty hints, personality and poise, recipes, you name it, it was all utterly charming! The program did not air from our studios but was a remote broadcast from her suite of offices in the New Center Building. Consequently, the announcer assigned to

cover the booth at the studio was in essence on a "Stand-by" basis, his only chore to cover the station identification at the end of the program. This left idle hands, and more importantly, idle minds. I remember the one day in particular when I was assigned to "stand-by" in the booth during her broadcast. Norm Lenhardt, a fellow staffer, was passing the time of day with me prior to his next assignment. Norm had been the nemesis of "The Lady of Charm", for whenever he was assigned to announce her show he inevitably created a shambles during the portion of the program devoted to answering letters written in by her listeners. I will admit that many of the questions, although very serious in content from the writer's viewpoint, did provoke a comedic touch if your mind was so inclined. With Norm, it was no holds barred. He constantly, in reading one of the letters for "The Lady" to answer, would become convulsed with laughter, which I'm sure did not sit well with the listener who was desperate in her quest to find an answer to her particular beauty problem. She finally requested that he never be assigned to the show again, and that might have been part of the mood that prompted his brainstorm on this afternoon in the booth. The charm was oozing from the studio speaker when Norm had an inspiration.

"The Lone Ranger" studio was right down the hall and contained a vast file of recorded sound-effects. With a devilish gleam in his eye, Norm proceeded to the file and returned with an effect record that was used to help create the picture of a quiet night scene on the prairie. Our booth was equipped with turntables to enable us to play any opening music or recorded commercials. Norm with a fiendish delight placed the record on the turntable, set the needle in the groove and slowly turned up the volume. Slowly, in the background could be heard the croaking of frogs and the chirping of crickets. In an instant, "The Lady of Charm" was purveying her beauty hints and skin preparations from the sagebrush and cactus of the Texas prairies! I expected to hear "Ugh Kemo Sabe" at any moment. She went on blissfully never knowing of the added touch to her charm show.



"On-The-Air" at Armed Forces Radio Station JCZE, Camp Huckstep, Cairo, Egypt. Sgt. Fred Foy with the words - Sgt. Bob Mest on sax with the music.

The In-Between Years

It was while I was pursuing my career at WXYZ that I received a special invitation from Uncle Sam requesting my presence at my local draft board to audition for an unlimited run with the U.S. Army. It was an offer I couldn't refuse —and an audition I knew I would have no trouble in winning. In September of 1942, I found myself clad in an ill-fitting set of khaki threads with not the vaguest idea of what lay ahead of me, only the realization that my budding career in broadcasting was coming to a screeching halt. I had been told that the army worked in strange ways in assigning new recruits, and I fully expected to find myself slaving over a hot stove as an army cook, but to my surprise, someone had taken the time to become acquainted with my background and I happily found myself assigned to a newly formed Special Service Unit.

On February 14th, our Valentine came in the form of a unexpected cruise to the Middle East, and the unit was ultimately stationed at Camp Huckstep on the outskirts of Cairo, Egypt. That line about being in the right place at the right time is more truth than fiction. I had only been in camp for two weeks when I received notice that an officer in charge of setting up a broadcasting unit for the Middle East theatre of operations wanted to speak with me. Through word of mouth he had learned there was an experienced broadcaster in the unit and this had led to my interview. This was my first meeting with "The Major" who in civilian life had been one of the top executives at CBS in Hollywood.

At the time of our first encounter, all of the news heard via Egyptian State Broadcasting was aired by British commentators and "The Major's" aim was to add an American voice to their staff. Apparently the "Major" was impressed with the younger eager "Private" seated across the desk from him, and I became his "American voice". I was released from my unit on special assignment at the request of the "Major" and found myself in the unique position of being the only "Yank" announcer on Egyptian State Broadcasting.

22 years old —back in my chosen profession —thousands of miles away from home, and unbeknown to me in my wildest imagination on my way to becoming a pseudo-celebrity in the land of The Pharoahs.

Only someone who was at heart a "civilian" could understand my feelings at the good fortune that was

thrust upon me. In essence, for a period of two years I was divorced from the army routine. Although I finally achieved the rating of Sgt. through the "Major's" machinations, I was a free spirit, wearing a battle jacket that boasted no Sergeant's stripes, but instead the insignia of U.S. Army Correspondent. It opened the doors to virtually every officer's club in the area. I drank of my ill-gotten fame to the last golden drop and enjoyed my disguise to its fullest. News broadcasts, record shows, playing host to such personalities as Andre Kostelanetz and Lily Pons, Nelson Eddy, and Jack Benny for the U.S.O., writing and directing shows for the American Red Cross —all of this led me to be referred to as the speaking Bing Crosby of the Middle East. Then V.E. Day —the war in Europe was over and with it came a phasing out of our operations in Cairo. I was reassigned to my unit at Camp Huckstep and along with a gentleman who was to become one of my dearest friends —Bob Mest —jointly took over the administration of the camp radio station J.C.Z.E.

It was our job to set up the programming for the station, and almost immediately we found ourselves on the same wave-length, and with the help of Armed Forces Radio Service, set up a schedule that allowed us a flexible and open schedule. To clue you in, AFRS furnished us with transcriptions of all of the popular radio shows minus commercials, and it was a fairly simple matter to set up a comprehensive schedule of daily programming that allowed us a maximum of freedom. Bob Mest was a master "wheeler-dealer" and his guiding hand led us to put out a call for fellow servicemen with a burning desire to be in "Show-Biz". Through his efforts we recruited "would-be" announcers to handle the simple broadcasting chores throughout the day, leaving us free to pursue our own nefarious schemes. We assigned ourselves to an early morning and late night "record" show, the early version of today's disc-jockey. The phones were open, and it was request time, and, believe it or not, since the station's power was ample enough to reach the environs of Cairo, beyond the boundaries of the camp, we received requests mainly from the local gentry. Although we lived as normal army personnel in the barracks, our life style was much more civilian. We would alternate on the early morning broadcast, allowing one or the other a little more sleep, and then at 9:00 o'clock one of our recruits would take

over and we would head for the American Red Cross Hotel in Cairo for a pleasant breakfast of bacon and eggs with all the trimmings. Bob was always able to commandeer the Lieutenant's jeep in the morning for official business and we were off for Cairo and whatever the day would bring. It was a beautiful time and produced some of the strange moments that follow.

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One evening, when I was hosting the late-night "record" show, I answered a phone request from a young lady with a voice that conjured up visions of a creature more beautiful than words. One of our dear friends, Dick Foster, had dropped in to the station that night, and I turned the call over to him. He proceeded to get better acquainted with the voice, and informed me at the end of his conversation that we were meeting this mysterious lady and her friend for dinner the following evening at the New Zealand Services Club. To me, this is the blind date to end all Blind-Dates. We arrived early at the club, with the idea that we would take up a position of observation and if we didn't like what we saw would quietly fade into the background. This was not to be. Upon our arrival we were met by two burly New Zealand servicemen, who inquired as to our reasons for being there. We said we were looking for two young ladies and seeing the elevator readily available headed for it as our sanctuary. Unfortunately, they accompanied us. We realized we were in alien territory and tried desperately to talk our way out of the situation. To no avail. The two stalwarts accompanied us on the elevator stating that assuredly the two young ladies would not be upstairs but in the lobby of the club. We gave a half-hearted laugh and descended to our fate. Upon our arrival on the main floor, we could not dispute the fact that the two females waiting patiently at the desk were our dates for the evening. We nodded a note of thanks to the two burly giants who accompanied us for their help in leading us to our ladies fair, and with a sign of resignation accepted our fate. "Our "blind-dates" were there, and they were far from what our dream visions had painted for us. It was either accept their companionship or nurse our broken bodies. We accepted the latter.

I remember vividly walking down the streets of Cairo, praying that none of my cohorts would see me. Instead of arm-in-arm with our ladies fair, we walked a good distance behind them, hoping that the casual observer would not relate us to them. But finally we arrived at the restaurant. We acquired our table and proceeded to carry on a half-hearted

conversation over drinks, constantly looking over our shoulders hoping to avoid an encounter with anyone who might recognize us. Our uppermost thought was to get through the evening quickly and see our not-so-charming companions into the first available taxi. We did have the foresight to set up an escape mechanism in the event our "dates" turned out to be "dogs". We had instructed our engineer at the station, Sgt. Albert Nagy, to call us at the restaurant and have one of us paged. This would set up our emergency exit. We both nervously glanced at our watches, waiting and hoping for that important summons to the phone. As the waiter was serving dinner, our prayers were answered. A voice crackled on the antiquated public address system. "Telephone for Sgt. Foy." I excused myself with a knowing look at Dick and elatedly headed for the phone. It was Nagy, our benefactor. I blessed him for his remarkable memory and returned to the table with what I hoped was a look of terrible disappointment on my face. I apologized for the unexpected development that made it necessary for both Dick and I to return to the camp radio station immediately. We both rated "Oscars" for our performance of angry young men having to cut a lovely evening short because of a whim of our superiors. But we would certainly finish our dinner before we answered the summons! We would accept the consequences of being late! How could they do this to us!

We gallantly ordered coffee and dessert promising we would atone for this interrupted evening the following week. We were almost free of our dilemma with no one being the wiser —not even Nagy—who would be told we needed an excuse to get out of the restaurant before the bill reached a point of no return. We hid our elation under a mask of utter disappointment. Unfortunately the moment was short-lived. A voice turned victory into defeat.

"Dick. . . Fred, Imagine running into you! Introduce us to your friends!" It was Bob Mest and his fiancée Lois, a member of the WAC! Bob had known of our "blind-dates" but had no idea where we were going. It was pure chance that he and Lois had chosen the same restaurant. He had only to use his eyes to know our predicament and made the most of the situation with hidden glee. In our embarrassment we stumbled through introductions, explaining with iron self-control our urgent call from the station, trying all the while not to become a victim of his ill-concealed hilarity. He offered to save the evening for us and go back to camp himself to handle the emergency. He insisted the four of us join Lois and himself for drinks. He had us on the hook and played us for all it

was worth. In desperation, I called for the check and insisted that we would not let him disrupt his night for us. Finally, with hurried goodbyes we ushered our new-found friends out and into the first available taxi. The ordeal was ended, but the memory lingered on. Bob and Lois would never let us forget that night, and the sound of an unknown sweet feminine voice on the telephone never again lured us to a rendezvous.

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During my reign sharing broadcasting honors with Bob Mest at JCZE, Camp Huckstep, Cairo, Egypt, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman I remember with great affection. Along with many other bases in the Middle East theatre, we had a complement of Italian P.O.W.'s. Those with special skills were assigned to work in certain areas of the camp where their capabilities could be used effectively. We were fortunate in acquiring the services of one Guido Bergamaschini. He had an extensive background in engineering and he became our prize possession in the maintenance department. "Bergie" kept our turntables spinning, our transmitter humming, and our stomachs applauding him. For Bergamaschini was not only skilled electronically but excelled as the "Paganini" of the pasta. We learned this to our delight when one day in his halting English he conveyed to us his desire to show his appreciation for our kindness to him by cooking a full course Italian dinner for us. The question now was where and how. Through Mest's remarkable promotional abilities, the ingredients and facilities were graciously supplied by our unit's cook. This, of course, with the understanding that he would be our dinner guest. The place for this gastronomic orgy, which necessitated complete privacy, away from the prying eyes of the "brass" was my brainstorm. What better place than right here at the station, in the evening, when the chance of detection was minimal! "Operation Fettuchini" was born! On a quiet evening, in the hallowed halls of JCZE, a select group of people sat down to a feast the likes of which we had not seen since our first introduction to that never-to-be-forgotten army fare known far and wide as "S.O.S." Someone even managed to supply the Vino. "Bergie" had cooked his heart out, and, as he sat at the table with us enjoying his own creation, we toasted the fates that had sent him to us.

In the days that followed we tried to think of a way in which we could show our thanks more concretely to our Italian friend who was about as military-minded as we were. He had not only reached our hearts through our stomachs, but we felt a great

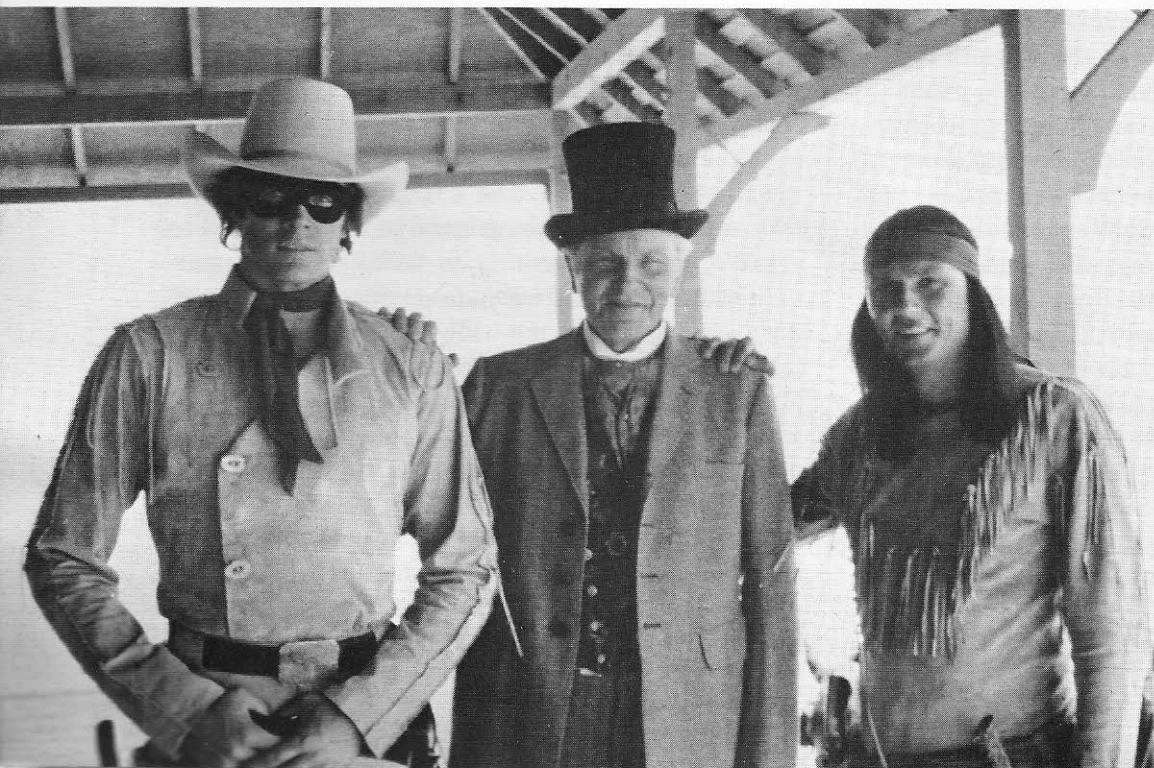
compassion for this man who had been separated from his family for a number of years through no burning political reasons but simply by being one of the innocent caught up in the general conscription spawned by the ambitions and greed of a power-hungry dictator. His was a universal feeling that we could relate to, and, in a sense, although by the standards of war-time we were considered enemies, we shared a common bond in our feelings of loneliness for home and family. We wanted to do something for him in return that would raise his spirits and make him feel a little less of a nonentity. Finally, we came upon the perfect answer. Why not return, in kind, the same evening we had experienced? It was a reckless scheme, and if it backfired we would all pay the piper. We had decided to take him to Cairo to a fine restaurant and wine and dine him in a style fit for the General himself.

I look back on the plan now —over 30 years later —and shudder. But, we were young and a little crazy and the thought of what the consequences might be never really entered our minds. So, Bob and I worked out the details. First, we found a G.I. uniform that would fit "Bergie". There was no way we could get an identification pass for him, but we were familiar with all of the regular M.P.'s on the gates, who would simply wave us through whenever we were on our way out of camp. We decided the risk of getting him out with us was minor. Hopefully on our return trip we wouldn't run into a new recruit on the gate. We felt the chance of that was a-hundred-to-one. Since "Bergie" usually worked at the station during the evening hours too, his absence at night presented no problem.

Finally, "D-Day" arrived —"Dinner Day", that is. I must say "Bergie" looked strictly G.I. in his borrowed uniform. Bob had commandeered the Lieutenant's jeep for the occasion and with fingers crossed we began our "mission to Cairo". As we approached the check-out point, I suddenly felt a compulsion to abandon the project but realized we had reached the point of no return. The jeep ground to a momentary halt, familiar faces grinned at us and waved us on. We were on our way to Cairo with our masquerading P.O.W.! It was a fantastic evening, savoring every moment of the wide-eyed enjoyment of our friend, who had not experienced a night of freedom of spirit and mind and body in uncountable days. We wine and dined him as if he were a visiting dignitary. Finally, it was time for the journey back, and although it was left unsaid, Bob and I must have shared the same thoughts. Would we get back in as easily as we got out? Perhaps all of us have a guar-



(ABOVE)
The Lone Ranger and Tonto, (Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse), meet the press in the forecourt of "Mann's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood for the publicity kick-off of the new major motion picture "The Legend of the Lone Ranger." In the background: seated, Mrs. Jack Wratber, (Bonita Granville). And, the bearded gentleman standing - the director, William Fraker.



(LEFT)
On the set of "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" — the masked man, indian and friend.

(RIGHT)
"Yours truly" as the Mayor of Del Rio.



dian angel somewhere who looks the other way in moments like this —but still feels obligated to see us through. At any rate, ours was working overtime on this particular day. We passed the check-point without a problem, and after helping "Bergie" divest himself of his disguise, we both relaxed with a marvelous glow of satisfaction. For us words of thanks were unnecessary, just the picture of a fellow human being realizing he was something more than just a pawn in life's landscape, more than a nonentity or a chattel —was all the reward we could have asked for. We saw rebirth in a man, who once again felt a sense of belonging. It was a small thing to do. And I must say we had never thought of this end result when we had inaugurated our plan, but it was an unexpected extra bonus. Considering the fact that we could have been court-martialed if our plan had gone awry, I still, after 30 odd years, wonder at the recklessness of youth. Is there a statute of limitations covering events in the military in the 1940's? If not, I may be writing the next chapter in my cell in some convenient military stockade.

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Christmas overseas —1944. I had been approached by the Red Cross in Cairo to write and direct a special Xmas show to be recorded at the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem and ultimately to be aired over WMCA, New York as part of a special Holiday program featuring service men throughout the vast web of operations in Europe and the Middle East. I was obviously flattered by the assignment and in an impressive vehicle equipped with all of the necessary sound equipment accompanied by Sgt. Nagy, our one and only technician, set out on our pilgrimage across the desert from Cairo to Palestine, which today is the state of Israel. It was a long and grueling trip across arid desert lands with each of us sharing the driving chores. The end result was excellent and the show won acclaim from civilians and military alike. When all was over, we faced the same trek homeward. And when we finally arrived back in Cairo, we were completely exhausted from our long ordeal on the road. At the time, I was still based in Cairo, and rather than return to my normal quarters, I decided to spend the night at the office where I could set up a cot and collapse with a minimum of effort. Our office was three flights up, situated in the heart of Cairo in an old building that had been converted into office space for us. I bid goodbye to Nagy and trudged wearily up the three stone flights of stairs to our office. I proceeded to our office, opened the French doors to let in the cool

night air, and stretched out on the cot I had set up for a much needed rest. I have no idea how many hours had passed, but all of a sudden I woke up in a cold sweat from a horrible nightmare. I sat up straight on my cot, silhouetted against the light emanating from the French doors. I was still half awake, encompassed by the cold fear born in the subconscious reaches of my mind. The veiled moonlight slanted through French doors and lent a supernatural effect to my surroundings. The mood was in every way perfect for what was to follow. The building itself was a solid stone structure, built like a medieval fort, its floors consisting of stone tiles that cushioned not the slightest sound. I was still enveloped with the aura of my nightmare, undoubtedly produced by my utter exhaustion. Suddenly, my nightmare world seemed to become a reality. I heard the slow, steady sound of footsteps approaching along the corridor outside the office. I was frozen with a start, unreasoning fear. It was impossible! I was alone in the building. I had locked the outer door when I came in, had checked the other rooms, there was no one else there. Out of the pages of a horror story, those slow, deliberate footsteps stopped outside of the closed office door. I prayed that I was still dreaming, that it was all the product of an over-active imagination. Then, the awful silence was broken by the sound of the door handle turning. We had been required to carry side-arms for our trip across the desert and when I had stretched out I had placed mine on the desk next to me. I reached over now and picked up the army colt 45 and sitting up on my cot, faced the door. It slowly creaked open on its age-old hinges, and I saw what resembled a hunched form standing on the threshold. My finger was on the trigger, when a hoarse whisper broke the spell: "Who's there?"

In my utter panic I still don't know what kept me from pulling the trigger. Instead, I voiced a shaky reply, "It's me —Fred!" The reply that assailed my ears was, "Oh! my God!" The voice had a familiar ring, and the next thing I knew the lights were on, and there was the familiar face and form of one of our staff in the office. Oddly enough, he was another namesake — another Fred — Fred Wilson.

We were both thoroughly shaken. He explained that he had been out on the town and had decided to return to the office in the wee hours instead of heading back to camp. When he let himself in, he was shocked by a terrible scream which I realized must have been me waking from my nightmare. He experienced the same feelings of terror of who he would find in the deserted office, and it was by the

grace of God that the two of us still continued to exist. For when the lights went on he stood there pointing a colt 45 at me. All he could see when he opened the office door was the silhouette of a hunched figure against the light from the French doors. Of course, that was me sitting up on the cot. If it hadn't been for a moment of uncertainty, we would both have answered the command of fear and opened fire. He was under the impression that someone had broken into the office, and putting aside his fears, decided to investigate. The light of dawn was breaking through before either of us was able to compose ourselves enough to catch a few winks. If this is the stuff that dreams are made of, spare me,

Mr. Shakespeare!

* * * * *

If I were to select the most memorable moment of those days of broadcasting in uniform in Cairo, Egypt, it would have to be without a doubt my lucky meeting and brief encounter with one of the marvelous talents of the entertainment world — Jack Benny. When Jack Benny arrived in Cairo with his troupe of performers, namely, Larry Adler, Wini Shaw and Anna Lee, I was recruited to be his Don Wilson on a special radio broadcast aired in Cairo and rebroadcast in the U.S.A. It was for me an unforgettable experience and will always remain a supreme moment in my career.

HITCHHIKE

Annex;

When you are about to put a cake in the oven, Mrs. Homemaker, do you ever ask yourself, "Now did I put in the right amount of this or that?" Well, your days of doubting are over, thanks to those wonderful Betty Crocker Cake Mixes. With all the premium-quality ingredients including SOFTASILK Cake Flour -- accurately measured out and blended, you just can't go wrong. And Betty Crocker PartyCake and Devils Food Cake Mix are especially designed so that you add your own eggs, because good FRESH eggs make better cakes most consistently.

For a rich, moist Devils Food Cake, get Betty Crocker Devils Food Cake Mix. And for light, luscious white, yellow or spice cakes -- Betty Crocker PartyCake Mix makes all three!

The Overture Begins... "William Tell, That Is"

The notice on the bulletin-board in the announcer's lounge proclaimed: "Auditions will be held next week for Announcer-Narrator for "The Lone Ranger" program. All those interested contact Chuck Livingstone."

The year was 1948. The place. . .radio station WXYZ in Detroit, Michigan. As a member of the announcing staff, I remember the excitement generated by that audition call. . .because it offered the rare opportunity to become an important part of one of radio's most popular shows. I had been involved in a small way with the show. . .being on occasion used as a second voice on "Cheerios" commercials. I had been given a taste of working with a group of people that I greatly admired and respected. . .and now, as I read the notice, my appetite for more became insatiable. I wanted that job in the worst way, not only for the prestige a network show could offer. . .but also to be able to display the talents I knew I possessed.

For the ensuing days before the audition, I literally lived and breathed that saga of a masked man and Indian. I listened devoutly to Harry Golder, then the narrator on the show and a fine talent, trying to capture the approach and feel of the show. Probably the only thing I didn't do was wear a mask and buy myself a white stallion.

And then, the day of judgment dawned.

They had been auditioning people for several days, and I learned that it was not limited to just the staff at WXYZ but was open to all comers. It was the typical "cattle-call" and, in this instance, very apropos.

Suddenly, I felt my stomach knot up...and all the calm, cool confidence that had been mine left me. I was competing with a stalwart line-up of heavyweights loaded with talent. I felt like Daniel walking into the lion's den. . .and, at that moment, would rather have been in his shoes.

What followed is vague, even to this day. My name was called. I walked into that sanctum-sanctorum. . .the studio that had given birth to a succession of radio dramas that had successfully captured the imagination of audiences throughout the country. . .and I suddenly felt like a Tom Thumb in a world of giants. I remember looking up at that glass-paneled control booth and seeing the formidable figure of Charles D. Livingstone towering over me. . .the om-

nipotent, all seeing, all-knowing director. To my surprise, this person I viewed as an ogre turned into my guiding mentor. . .taking time to suggest, to direct me in reading and delivery. . .putting me at ease and quieting my frayed nerves. Perhaps to my advantage was the fact that instead of copying the style of my predecessor, I delivered the opening copy and the narration in my own way. Although it seemed an endless ordeal it was all over in a very few moments. I was limp. . .wrung out. . .certain I could have performed better. I walked out of the studio with the ultimate decision in the lap of the gods. . .little realizing how soon those gods would smile upon me.

* * * * *

For the sake of keeping the record straight. . .and not giving the false impression that overnight I had suddenly been blessed with the ability to walk into an important audition and astound those listening with my adeptness with a phrase. . .let me say that over 10 years of hard work at my craft preceded that all-important day.

I don't intend to bore you at this point with childhood anecdotes, but I would like to make note of certain factors that greatly contribute to the success I would find in my chosen career.

First. . .I was always a "ham!" Acting was my love. . .and I pursued it at any given opportunity. Church plays. . .school plays. . .you name it. . .just wave the red flag of a script in front of my nose, and I'd come charging in!

I literally lived in movie theatres. Whenever the bill changed, I was there. Radio, which was the number-one source of entertainment in my growing years, captured my imagination. . .and the hours I spent absorbed with the dramas, serials and personalities were countless.

Those were the ingredients. Mix them all together and the result is a young man with a burning desire to pursue an acting career. . .and so it would be.

With graduation from High School in 1938, I began my quest for a career by knocking on the door of every radio station in Detroit. . .in hopes of auditioning to appear in any of the dramatic productions. It did not take long for me to find the ranks were closed to a newcomer with no previous experience. So, my blossoming career was nipped in the bud. . .and I found myself just a few weeks later accepting a rising career with Kern's Department Store as an

elevator operator.

Call it what you will. . . I still think of it as a harbinger of things to come! The assignment I was given during the Christmas season at Kern's was operating "The Lone Ranger Toyland Express!" Instead of my typical elevator-operator's uniform. . . I was dressed in a handsome cowboy's outfit. . . complete with a mask and white hat! How many starry-eyed youngsters actually thought I was the fabled masked man! Even at Kern's. . . I was a part of show-business.!

While I spent my days at Kern's, two nights a week were spent with the Reiblings at WMBC. . . a 250-watt independent Detroit station. Al Reibling and his wife wrote and produced "The Old Opry House," a parody on the hero-villain melodramas and "Time Turns Back". . . a documentary. Their cast was gleaned from struggling young newcomers like myself —and we worked for the experience. . . no pay.

As time passed, I found my efforts pleasantly rewarded. I was now playing the lead-role of the hero on "The Old Opry House" and was the narrator for "Time Turns Back." The training given me by the Reiblings was invaluable and I shall always be grateful.

During this period in my career, I had also taken on a part-time announcing assignment at WMBC on Sunday afternoons. I had not been involved with this for long. . . when the chief announcer, Charles Farrell, (not the idol of the silver screen) approached me with the offer of a permanent announcer's position with the station. It is difficult to find words that can describe my joy at that moment. I was being accepted as a professional. . . whether it be as actor or announcer. . . in the world I loved. Only Charlie Farrell could describe how I must have leaped at that bait like an over-eager trout. Best of all, I would be leaving my job with Kern's running elevators for \$14.95 a week. . . to enter the world of show business for the magnificent sum of \$25.00 a week.

Thus. . . I began to learn my profession. A Jack-of-all-trades. . . announcer, director, writer, program coordinator. . . even janitor. . . when they say we also swept the floors in those bygone days they weren't kidding.

From WMBC. . . to WJLB. . . to WXYZ. . . constantly learning, smoothing-out the rough spots. . . consistently polishing to try to attain perfection.

Meantime, let's return to that thrilling moment when a gentleman named George W. Trendle smiled down on me and I began, perhaps, the 10 happiest years of my life.

* * * * *

In 1948, Christmas came early for me. . . and George W. Trendle was Santa Claus. It was in July. . . a few short weeks after the auditions. . . that I learned I had been chosen out of the many.

If you remember your elation on Christmas morning finding that special gift waiting for you under the tree, then you know my feelings when I was told of my good fortune. But, my first overwhelming elation was replaced by an inner sense of misgiving. I had been chosen. . . but could I produce? Would I be able to fulfill the expectations of the powers upstairs on that day under fire? I'm afraid I found myself submerged in a sea of uncertainty.

After two weeks of observing. . . sitting-in on actual broadcasts of the show. . . following the script. . . familiarizing myself with the format. . . that long-awaited day of the first network broadcast had arrived. This was it! The chips were down! I would be heard by millions of ardent followers of one of radio's most popular shows for the first time.

Such were my feelings on that day in July. I walked by that studio door many times. . . but finally realized, that I was irrevocably committed to the job I had been chosen for. I walked through that ominous threshold and faced the task of proving to myself and those who had chosen me that I could perform in every way that was expected of me.

In the embryonic stages of my introduction to broadcasting, I had become accustomed to the almost "sterile" look of the studios in which I worked. The white, acoustical tiles that covered walls and ceilings were commonplace. . . and lent something of a clinical atmosphere to my work-a-day world of microphones, turntables and control boards. To say that I was awestruck as a "Cinderella" when I first walked into that old mansion on Jefferson Avenue and Iroquois in Detroit, housing the studios of WXYZ, is no exaggeration. The war was over. . . I had just finished three years of my exclusive contract with Uncle Sam. . . and was now returning to my job as a staff announcer with "Wixie." When I had donned a uniform in 1942 we were still broadcasting from atop the Macabbees Building in downtown Detroit. This first acquaintance with our new broadcast facility was overwhelming. The architects responsible for the renovation of this old homestead into modern broadcast operations were no less adept than the Fairy Godmother who turned a mediocre pumpkin into a jeweled coach.

Here was old-world charm. . . the warmth of wood paneling. . . a magnificent staircase as the focal point

of the lobby, seeming to be waiting for Jeannette Macdonald to descend singing, "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life". . .with Nelson Eddy ascending to join her in a romantic duet.

However, that moment of dream fantasy veiled the true fact that the staircase led to the executive offices. . .among them the office of George W. Trendle, that master-magician who had created "The Lone Ranger". . .and who had so recently made me a member of that exclusive stock-company that breathed life into his creation. Normally, in my duties as staff-announcer, my destination would have been the announce-booth at the far end of a corridor, right off the main lobby. On this particular Monday afternoon I entered a studio at the opposite end of the corridor. . .where the cast was assembled to begin production on the night's show.

This seems to be as good a time as any to dispel a misconception of the uninitiated that a performer in radio would simply put in an appearance a half hour before broadcast time. . .read over his script. . .and at the appointed time go on-the-air with the show and thirty minutes later grab his hat and fade into the sunset. How far from the truth!

It all began for me that first day at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon. . .as it would every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for 10 wonderful years. Scripts had been handed out. . .parts assigned to the cast. The first half-hour, 3:00 to 3:30, was devoted to a first read-through of the script. . .during which time the director, Chuck Livingstone, would convey to the cast the type of character they would portray. The next half-hour, 3:30 to 4:00, comprised a "rough" timing of the script. . .to determine whether the episode itself was either "too long" or "short." This would immediately trigger the writer of that particular show to either write additional scenes. . .or to look for possible "cuts" in the script.

The next hour, 4:00 to 5:00, was our afternoon "break". . .and when we resumed at 5:00 o'clock the serious business of putting the show together, scene by scene, began.

This was the all-important production rehearsal. . .5:00 to 6:00. During this hour, all of the elements were brought together. . .to produce the finished air-product. The music bridges. . .the sound effects. . .the action sustained by the actors around the "mike". . .the narration. . .all of this blended together and rehearsed again and again. . .until it reached perfection.

At 6:00 o'clock the actors had a 15-minute break. During that time, 6:00 to 6:15 p.m., we rehearsed

and timed the commercials in the show. Normally, there were three "Cheerios" spots. . .30-seconds at the beginning of the show. . .a middle spot that ran between one and two minutes and usually was devoted to the latest "premium" being offered. . .anything from a pedometer to a secret-decoder ring. . .and another 30-second blurb at the end. Accurate timing was essential. . .and over the years, I developed a built-in sense of time that rarely failed.

The half-hour from 6:15 to 6:45 was the final "dress-rehearsal" of the show. . .from top-to-bottom exactly as it would be broadcast.

Air-time for the network show was 7:30. . .but prior to that at 7:00 o'clock we fed the same show, minus commercials, to Chicago for recording. Since the feed to Chicago contained no words from the makers of "Cheerios," it meant an added scene or two would be written to compensate for the 2 minutes plus of extra time. This meant that at 7:29:30. . .30-seconds before we hit the network. . .those extra scenes had to be quickly removed from the script. If any hour of the day demanded complete concentration on my part. . .it was that hour from 7:00 to 8:00 every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. You can readily understand the reason when you remember that at the time we didn't have today's electronic crutch to lean on. . .the tape machine. . .which allows you to prerecord a show. . .correcting any mistakes. . .and thus, turning out a flawless show. Our broadcasts were "live". . .and it is to the credit of everyone connected with the show that our finished "on-the-air" product was flawless, too.

Now that you're acquainted with the background of a typical broadcast day, you can perhaps better understand my feelings on that first day on the job. So many things to remember. . .outside of the fact that I must be primarily concerned with my presentation of the narration that tied the show together. I must say, at this point, that I owe so much to the warmth and courtesy extended me by the members of the cast and the production crew. Here I was, so to speak, the "new boy on the block". . .suddenly catapulted into a situation where everyone around me was completely familiar with the daily routine. . .and where I, on the other hand, was feeling my way through a maze of words, commercial timings, and production techniques, that were totally unfamiliar to me. They were superb! They took me by the hand and guided me through that first broadcast like a mother-hen watching over her new-born. They were then. . .and remain today the dearest friends I have ever had in the world of broadcasting. . .and,

without a doubt, some of the most talented people it was ever my pleasure to work with. In the years that followed my association with "The Lone Ranger" program, I would be subjected to meeting so many "phony" people in the business. . .shallow, inept, self-centered people. . .who screened their lack of ability with an overbearing attitude of knowledgeability that, unfortunately, was totally lacking. The respect and admiration I have for all those people who made "The Lone Ranger" a living-legend. . .has only grown over the years. . . and they all hold a very special place in my heart and memory.

"Fred Foy speaking. This is the ABC Radio Network."

It was 8:00 o'clock. . .my first show was history. It would be almost ten years and countless broadcasts, before I would say those same words for the last time.

* * * * *

After a couple of years with the show, I was quite thrilled to be asked by Mr. Trendle to understudy Brace Beemer in the role of "The Lone Ranger." Apparently he felt there was a similarity in our voice quality, and I immediately had visions of playing the role whenever Brace would leave on his numerous personal appearances. However, such was not to be the case. Whenever Brace was scheduled to appear at special events, his particular scenes would be pre-recorded and then integrated into the shows at air time. This was before tape had come into being, and the recordings were made on 16-inch platters. . .with each platter containing many separate individual cuts in sequence. At the time of the air show, it was up to Dewey Cole or Jim Hengstebeck or their successors to cue up each cut and spin the turntable at the proper moment in the scene. It's due to their special talents and adeptness that those shows, minus Brace, came off so perfectly. I

remember only one occasion when a mistaken cut was played and we heard steamboat whistles in the middle of the western plains.

So I learned early in the game that the word "understudy" as applied to me meant only that I would read the part of the "Ranger" in the first read-through of the script and in the first rough-timing rehearsal, thus allowing Brace to appear on the scene at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon for the production rehearsal instead of at 3:00 o'clock which was our normal call.

I suppose any understudy has had the same feeling of frustration that I did. You are constantly waiting in the wings for that one special moment when the star does not appear and you are called upon to go on in his place. But in my case, as opposed to a Broadway show, when the principal left town I still did not get the opportunity to appear in his place. . .thanks to the technology of recording.

So. . .I was constantly "waiting in the wings" for the chance to become the "masked man."

But I must say the waiting for me was not all in vain. For the day arrived when Brace came into the studio with a terrible case of laryngitis. There was absolutely no way he could perform. . .and suddenly my moment had arrived. I was informed that I was to play the role of the "Lone Ranger" and that Jay Michael would handle my normal chores as announcer-narrator.

I must have spent countless minutes on the phone informing relatives and friends to be sure to tune in that evening. I'm sure my case of nerves was not unusual. . .and I was elated after the show with the favorable comments of cast and crew alike. It was the one and only time I played the role. . .and my greatest compliment came from Brace who said under no circumstances would he ever lose his voice again. And. . .he never did.

"Who Was That Masked Man?"

My first recollection of the commanding figure that was radio's "Lone Ranger," Brace Beemer, is the feeling I had at our first meeting that I was in the presence of the fabled masked-man himself. Here was a man, who in every way, fulfilled the image your imagination painted of that masked hero of the old West. Tall, handsome, rugged. . .adept as a horseman. . .and a man who loved the outdoor life and was skilled in the use of six-guns and rifle alike. This was the picture his rich voice painted to radio audiences as they followed the exciting adventures of the masked rider. . . an image duplicated in the man himself.

During my first year on the show, I developed a marvelous rapport with the cast and crew. . .but for some reason, outside of exchanging hello's, never reached the same warm relationship with Brace. I'm sure it was part of a built-in shyness on one hand. . .and just plain "hero-worship" on the other. Then, an incident occurred that brought about a remarkable change.

When I arrived for the show one afternoon, I was informed that Mr. Trendle wanted to see me in his office. I met with him and he questioned me as to whether I could ride a horse. I told him I had never been on a horse. . .and his reply was a blunt "Go out and learn!" It was apparent to me that a "falling-out" had developed between Mr. Trendle and Brace and that he was considering the idea of replacing him. The ability to ride was essential since personal appearances were important.

I must say I left that meeting with a feeling of dread rather than elation. What Mr. Trendle didn't know. . .and I certainly didn't tell him. . .was the deep fear I had of horses. With that fact in mind, you can easily understand the reason my riding career can be summed up in a phrase: He rode. . .He cringed. . .He quit! I made the attempt. . .I had taken one lesson. My only concern was what I would tell Mr. Trendle. Weeks passed and I heard not another word. The only apparent result was an unexplainable icy coldness from Brace. I guess at the time I was too naive to put the facts together and understand the reason for his complete and total unfriendly attitude toward me.

Then, one evening after the show, I stopped with two fellow actors at the "Van Dyke Club". . .the favorite "watering-hole" down the block from the

studio. Brace was at a table and we joined him. After a couple of rounds of drinks, Brace turned to me and said: "Why the hell are you trying to get my job?" I was taken aback and suddenly realized that he thought I had been working behind his back with Mr. Trendle in an attempt to take over his starring role on the show. I told him the true facts of the situation. . .and emphasized my feeling of wanting no part of his many-faceted job. With this revelation the icy facade thawed and we parted that evening after several more rounds in an atmosphere of relaxed friendliness.

I never heard another mention of riding lessons. I know now that it must have been a simple scare tactic on Mr. Trendle's part. . .to counter whatever contractual demands Brace may have made at the time.

Brace lived outside the city on what might be termed a ranch or a farm in Oxford, Michigan. Each week he would bring fresh eggs to those who were his close friends on the show. The week after our talk at the "Van Dyke Club," I became the recipient of a dozen eggs every week. The barrier had been broken. From that day on we became the closest of friends and I enjoyed many happy times in his company over the years.

Whether on or off the air, Brace literally lived the role of the "Lone Ranger." His casual clothes were cut in western style and when he dressed more formally his accessories expressed that same theme. I remember a beautiful pair of cuff-links he wore that were miniature replicas of the colt 45. . .the workmanship perfect in every detail. . .even the tiny cartridge chambers revolved. And naturally, they were fashioned in sterling silver!

He found great personal satisfaction in visiting children's hospitals in the character of the "Lone Ranger" and bringing to each youngster he spoke to that special thrill of meeting their masked hero. Call it hero-worship, if you will, but the charisma of the masked man carried enormous influence with every child who followed his adventures.

Brace's serious moments were balanced by a marvelous sense of humor. Typical of this was his unexpected appearance in the studio during a broadcast of the "Bob Barclay, American Agent" radio series. Series is perhaps the wrong terminology since it ran on radio for only 13 weeks. . .but it had been created under the guidance of Mr.

Trendle as a "cloak and dagger" saga. . .with hopes of joining the "Green Hornet" and the "Ranger" in popularity. Such was not the case. . .but then, "Barclay" in no way resembled "James Bond." The show aired at 8:00 o'clock directly following "The Lone Ranger." On this evening, we had just finished the "Ranger" broadcast. . .picked up our scripts for the "Barclay" show and 30 seconds later had changed our stetsons for private eye raincoats. Brace had left right after the "Ranger" went off the air. We were now about 15 minutes into our "live" American Agent show when the studio door opened and in walked Brace with a gleaming silver tray of

hors d'oeuvres from the "Van Dyke Club." He nonchalantly walked over to the microphone much to the chagrin of the director, Chuck Livingstone, and offered the tray with all its goodies to the group of us performing our hearts out. We called on all our self-control to repress the laughter that was about to explode. . .and in between lines munched hors d'oeuvres. Chuck, in the director's booth, tried hard to conceal his feeling at this disruption in the show. . .but all ran smoothly. . . the home audience never knowing what strange happenings were occurring. After the show we had only one comment for Brace. . ."Where the hell were the Martinis?"

The Last Hi Yo

It was Friday afternoon. . .payday. . .the weekend ahead. . .a winning combination that should have created its usual happy effect on all of us gathered in the studio. But not on this particular Friday. . .for we were about to perform the last "live" broadcast of "The Lone Ranger."

We had all been informed at a meeting weeks earlier of the decision by "General Mills," our sponsor, to cut their production costs by airing recorded shows and discontinuing any further "live" broadcasts. Television had made its inroads into radio's supreme realm, and consequently, more and more of the advertiser's dollar was being funneled into this new medium. Radio's long reign as "king of entertainment" in the living rooms of America was being challenged. Soon. . .the personalities and shows that had been its trademark would bow to the hypnotic spell of the TV tube.

It's true that as long as the recorded rebroadcasts were aired on the network, the actors and myself, as announcer-narrator, would receive paychecks. . .but somehow we all sensed that this was the handwriting on the wall. The most difficult part of all was the realization that this would be the last time we'd all work together on "The Lone Ranger." For me, it had been almost 10 years. . .for others in the cast it had been much longer. Monday, Wednesday and Friday would never really be the same. There was no escaping the sadness that prevailed in all of us.

The time was 7:30. I stood in front of the microphone for the last time hearing the strains of "The William Tell Overture" and waiting for Chuck Livingstone in the booth to throw me the cue for the opening lines that had become a part of my life. Brace Beemer, as always, stood across the mike from me and as I finished my opening lines. . ."Return with us now to those thrilling days of

yesteryear. From out of the past come the thundering hoofbeats of the great horse Silver. The Lone Ranger Rides Again!" . . .his voice rang out with the stirring sound of "Hi Yo Silver!" I'm sure that ringing cry still haunts the studio that gave it birth. This time it rang with a note of finality and I found myself lost in sentimental emotions. . .visualizing the parade of characters that would live forever within these studio walls.

"Thunder Martin," the marvelous counterpart of Wallace Beery, created by Paul Hughes, whose guttural voice was as well-known as the "Ranger's." "Butch Cavendish," as played by Bill Saunders, the outlaw who started it all with the ambush of the Texas Rangers at Bryants Gap. "Clarabelle," a Marjorie Main sound-alike, brought to life by Elaine Alpert. . .a character that shared the spotlight as a teammate of "Thunder Martin." "Dan Reid," the Lone Ranger's nephew, played with all the sparkle and verve of a youthful hero by Bob Martin. The endless line of sheriffs, bank-robbers, "greenhorns," rustlers, school-marms, mayors and undercover agents. . .the sound of dance-halls, saloons, cattle stampedes, gun fights and Indian attacks. . .all would now be only remembered echoes filling a dark and empty studio.

It was 8 o'clock. . .and we had committed our final "live" broadcast to the pages of history. I had no idea at the time that instead of this being the closing chapter. . .it was in reality the beginning of a legend.

For today, over 30 years later, whenever the "William Tell Overture" is played we automatically expect to hear thundering hoofbeats and picture a tall, masked man on a great white stallion riding on an errand of justice. . .and if we listen closely we can once again hear that thrilling cry that sent tingles up our spine. . ."Let's Go, Big Fella! Hi Yo Silver, Away!"

MIDDLE

(CROWD B.G.,) (RUNNING STEPS)

(BUILDING UP BEHIND:)

1st Annncr;

Hey! What kind of circus trick is this? That little guy is running full tilt at that heavy board fence ./. he's gonna plow right through!

(SPLINTERING BOARDS --

(SLIDE WHISTLE -- FOLLOWED BY:)

2nd Annncr;

He's feeling his Cheerios! (PAUSE) Yes, Cheerios a ready-to-eat OAT cereal with a whale of a lot of GO power!

1st Annncr;

How about you? Have you discovered the breakfast goodness and energy value of a bowlful of Cheerios, milk and fruit?

2nd Annncr;

Say, there's a breakfast treat that's a powerhouse of nutrition! Cheerios is a ready-to-eat cereal made from energy-giving oats. That's why swell-tasting Cheerios helps give you so much get-up-and-go power the kind of hourishment you need to keep going ahead.

1st Annncr;

Swell-tasting Cheerios is a different OAT cereal too ./. all ready to eat ./. shaped like golden, tasty little doughnuts ./. and no cooking needed! You'll love 'em!

2nd Annncr;

No other cereal has a flavor quite like the famous fresh toasted-oat flavor of Cheerios. Ask your grocer for a package of Cheerios first thing tomorrow!

-MORE-

1st Anncr;

Ask for delicious, nourishing Cheerios in the new,
large "Family-size" package. Contains a full 50%
more Cheerios than the regular size package.

2nd Anncr;

Remember -- for a better breakfast ... include
Cheerios ... the one and only famous oat cereal
that needs no cooking. And see if they don't
say this about you ...

(SLIDE WHISTLE

1st Anncr;

"He's feeling his Cheerios!"



*Fred receiving the
"Golden Mike Award"
for excellence in
broadcasting over
the years.*



*Fred and "The Lone
Ranger" radio cast
celebrate an anniver-
sary of the program
during a rehearsal
break.*



*Jack Benny and cast
with Fred in rehearsal
for radio broadcast
from Cairo, Egypt
during World War II.*



*Dick Cavett presents
Fred with a "sur-
prise" award.*